

## One Interview in 110 Years

THE Dalai Lama of Lhasa in Tibet has given an interview to an electrical engineer. This is the first time that a Lama has talked with an European in 110 years. Tibet wants telegraphic touch with outside world.



# Magazine Page



## This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1577, of Peter Paul Rubens, the principal exponent of the Flemish school of painting and one of the most prolific and versatile artists of any age. He died in 1640.

# THE WILD GOOSE BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

## A Dramatic Story of a Devoted Husband Who Discovers His Wife Is In Love With Another Man

This story has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions under the mastery of direction of Albert Capellani and is released as a Paramount picture.

## The Story So Far

Frank Manners, an artist of reputation, is doing some work for a rich woman in California. He has always been devotedly attached to his wife, Diana. He reads over her letters of the last few months and feels that she is neglecting their small daughter. He decides to go East. On the train he meets a hunter who tells him a tale of a wild goose. When Manners arrives home he is keenly disappointed in Diana's conduct and in her coldness toward him; but finds much joy in the love of his daughter, Tam. He tries to find out what is troubling Diana, and she finally tells him she is in love with Ogden Fenn. Manners then tries to persuade her to give up Fenn. Failing in this, he tells Fenn he must give up Diana. Manners calls on Mary Hastings, a friend to him and to Diana. Mary Hastings also talks to Fenn. Manners goes to California, finishes his work, and returns.

## By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "His Daughter," "When the Ship Comes In," "The Seven Darlings," and Other Notable Fictions.

"W" HY, cruelty and that sort of thing," Diana said hurriedly.

"Cruelty and that sort of thing," repeated Manners, "and except to ask if he must buy two tickets or only one he did not speak to her again until they were in the train. He felt that his heart was hardening against her. It would not be possible to state whether his strongest feeling toward her now was love or contempt. She was willing, so great was her selfishness, and so cruel her callousness.

to go before a judge and swear that he—Francis Manners—had been cruel to her, and that sort of thing!

Oh, Diana!

The next day Diana went to town by an early train. She seemed to take it for granted that her goings and comings were no longer to be questioned. She did not say why she was going, or what she was going to do, or by what train she would return to the country.

"I have stopped asking questions," said Mrs. Langham. "She knows that I know what is in the air; but she hasn't said a word to me about it, and I haven't said a word to her. Indeed, we don't see much of her out here."

## Manners Waits For Diana.

"I suppose not," said Manners, and he added grimly: "They have arranged everything. Maine is the chosen State. I am to be divorced for cruelty and that sort of thing." Then he laughed and added: "I haven't told her," he said, "that I am not to be divorced at all. I shall tell her tonight or tomorrow. My nerves are in good shape, and I shall manage to keep my temper. If I had only myself to consider I'd let her go. But every day I have felt more and more strongly that the only person to consider is Tam."

Late that afternoon Diana telephoned that she was dining at the apartment, and she added with unnecessary bravado, "Manners thought, that Fenn was to dine with her. 'But we are having an early dinner,' she added, 'and I'll be home before 10.'"

Except to himself Manners made no comment. Diana's voice over the telephone had the joyousness



Robert Hastings Tries to Bring Diana and Ogden Fenn to a Realization of the Gravity of the Step They Are Taking—A Dramatic Scene in The Wild Goose.

of one whose day has been well-spent. He made this comment to himself, and more in amazement than in bitterness: "She's crazy! I wonder why she still speaks of this place as home?"

After dinner Manners and his mother-in-law sat in the library before a bright fire and pretended to read. Several times Manners ran

lightly up the stairs to look into the room where his little daughter slept. So a general about to commit his army to battle looks over the reserves upon which he may count in case of an initial disaster.

In dealing with Diana he would need strength and stamina, and the continuous reassurance that his cause was just. He was going to

hurt Diana horribly. From time to time he looked at his watch. If the train was not late Diana should reach the house at about a quarter before ten.

Mrs. Langham always seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of time. At half-past nine she closed her book, and yawned an incipient yawn. Then she rose, and stood

for a few moments with her back to the fire. "I shan't sit up for Diana," she said. "Shall you tell her tonight?"

Manners walked to the foot of the stairs with Mrs. Langham. "I'd better tell her tonight," he said. "I don't think that I could possibly sleep on the 'cruelty and that sort of thing.'"

## Motion Pictures of This Splendid Serial Will Be Shown Here Soon At the Leading Theaters

"Frank," said Mrs. Langham, "there's a hard time ahead for you—for all of us. Don't let anything that Diana says or does hurt your love for her. Your whole future yours and hers, is founded on that. She has treated you so outrageously that sometimes I am afraid that your love may change suddenly into something else."

## Not The Only Listener.

"I couldn't ever stop loving Diana," said Manners simply, "but my love has been so snubbed, abused and brow-beaten that it has become almost inarticulate. Sometimes it seems to me that it is buried under contempt. But it's always there; always ready to jump to its feet, and to forgive. Don't be afraid."

She turned and went slowly up the stairs. From the landing she smiled to him and waved her hand.

He opened the front door and stood in the cold night air listening for the sounds of wheels on the gravel. He looked at his watch. A quarter before ten. If she had found a motor at the station she should be here now; but if there was nothing to lift her home but a broken-down hack drawn by a broken-down horse he must have patience. And then, of course, that particular train stopped at every station and was almost always late.

Manners was not the only listener in the house. Upstairs at a window which she had opened, Mrs. Langham was also listening. She had developed with relation to her son-in-law a peculiar intuitive sympathy, by which she was sometimes enabled to penetrate his varying moods, and even to follow for a time his trains of thought. And she knew that tonight his mood was dangerous. He did not know this himself. He imagined that his nerves and mind were under perfect control.

Mrs. Langham heard the sound of the front door closing. Usually Manners, who was considerate of other people, and very strong in the hands, dealt gently with doors, and though the sound which Mrs. Langham had heard was not exactly a slam, it was deliberately emphatic; and she knew as well as if he had told her that the wretched patience which her son-in-law had exhibited during the evening was changing into something else. She closed her window quietly, and stepping into the upper hall, leaned over the guard-rail and called to him:

## Impatience Turned To Anxiety.

"This train is nearly always late," she said.

"I know it is."

He said no more. Nor did she. But she stood listening. He was pacing the hall and the library with long, nervous strides. Suddenly he went to the telephone, asked Central for the correct time, and set his watch by it. Then he resumed his caged walk. Then he came more opened the front door and listened.

The cold night air rushed into the house and up the stairs. Mrs. Langham could feel it on her ankles. He closed the door again, and once more attempted to force an explanation of Diana's lateness from the telephone. He tried to get into connection with the station-master at Westbury, but without success.

He was no longer impatient with Diana for being late; he was growing anxious for her safety. He thought of trains which roll over beautiful houses of life, and a mass of passengers crushed and crumpled up like accordion, of railroad fires in which women and children are burned to death.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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## OUR FUTURE LIFE

IS THERE A FUTURE STATE FOR US?

## By Garrett P. Serviss

Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

"Do you think that there is a future state for us outside the bodies in which we now exist, and that we shall know one another in that state?"—READER, Boston.

I AM not competent to answer that question. I do not think that science is competent to give a decisive reply to it, although there is a manifest tendency among scientists to be very skeptical concerning any such existence for man, and some refuse to consider it possible.

The conventional idea might be summed up in the statement that we shall meet in a future, disembodied state, with conscious recognition and recollection, recalling old times, old loves, old joys and sorrows—in short, taking hands all around and singing "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

It is to be doubted whether such a condition of things would be desirable, even for the saints. It would seem to be not much, if any, better than the state of suspended animation in which the misty mid-region of "spiritualism" appears to dwell.

Why should there be this insistence upon the renewal of notes and thoughts, however delightful and even noble they may have been? There could be no grief where there was no remembrance. Memory seems to be a purely physiological function. Even conscious memory, i. e. memory that can be awakened by the will, is apparently due only to the activation of old lines, or paths, of connection, formerly laid out among the cerebral cells. Destroy the cells and their records disappear.

Yet herein what argument may we not find for the continued personal existence of an immortal element? Our physical actions, including that of remembering, are both automatic and conscious. By long exercise certain acts originally conscious become automatic. But through disease, or injury, or the effects of advancing age, our automatic sometimes fails.

What happens then? There is something in us which not only takes note of the failure, but strives to correct it, supplying the place of the lost automatic action by similar action under the control of the will. This is the conscious I myself, in us undertakes to restore, to link up and to re-charge the broken or rundown automatic machinery of the nerves and muscles.

Perhaps you say that this is merely an effect of memory. But now can memory revive its dead self? It is certainly something more than that. It is the mere mem-

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## ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

By Beatrice Fairfax

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am sixteen years old and am going around with a young man ten years older. At times he seems to care for me and other times he is just reverse.

Kindly advise me what you think is best to do. ANNAH.

Do nothing. It's just a trait of human nature. If you will study yourself you'll probably find there are times when you scarcely think of the young man and don't care if he comes to see you that night or not.

MY DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

My brother and girl friend are in love. Although she comes to visit me often, my brother never enters into a deep conversation and when an outing is suggested, he turns away. Still he loves this girl. What shall I do to bring them together?

Keep your fingers out of the pie. If your brother truly loves your girl friend, he doesn't need assistance from you in telling her so or in looking out for her pleasure. A good way for you to spoil things for them is to try to "butt in" on their affairs.

## IF IT'S YOUR EYES

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## INFANTILE PARALYSIS

By Brice Belden, M.D.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS is a disease which attacks children and the younger the child the more susceptible he is to the disease. Adults occasionally contract this form of paralysis, otherwise known as poliomyelitis.

The usual symptoms of the disease first appearing are fever, pain in the head, back and limbs, and stiffness of the extremities. Paralysis appears in one or two days, beginning generally in the lower extremities, but in some cases appearing first in the upper extremities. There is also a tenderness present along the nerves and muscles.

When a case of infantile paralysis is well on its course the acute symptoms disappear, and the stiffness is replaced by weakness and flaccidity. Still later there follows a wasting of the muscle tissue. The disease is characterized by paralysis of one or more parts of the body.

A poisonous substance, called a virus, present in the nose, throat and intestines of a person infected with infantile paralysis, is the cause of the disease, and it is spread by coughing or otherwise disseminating the secretions of the body of the patient.

As in the case of typhoid, there are carriers who harbor the virus in their secretions, although they themselves have recovered from the disease and are in no way affected by it.

Street dust is an effective agent in the carrying about of this disease, and is dangerous to children. Flies are also believed to carry the infection.

To avoid the disease children should not be allowed to play with street children, whose habits are usually unclean. The ordinary customs are unknown, and in the hot weather they should be protected from flies as much as possible.

## THE TEST FOR LIFE WORK

By W. A. McKeever

SUPPOSE you should desire to test your young son for the probable field of his life work.

Perhaps the Sioux City high school has approached as sanely as can be done this problem of vocational guidance. The management there has prepared fifty questions which every high school student is required to answer and they are classified under seven heads, including:

1. Experience in employment.  
2. The present strongest interest.  
3. Interest in home and church.  
4. Condition and care of health.  
5. Attention to social affairs.  
6. Ideals as to citizenship.  
7. Favorite pastime and recreation.

It would be very revealing to anyone concerned about juvenile affairs to be privileged to make a comparative study of 1,000 of these personal records. The ordinary high school youth is a relatively immature personality. He is rushing through many changing interests and epochs. The check list should reveal more conspicuously what he is not rather than what he is, and it should especially prove helpful in showing him up to himself.

## FOR LOVE

By Ruby M. Ayres

IT certainly had struck him as odd that Philip had never even mentioned Eva's name to him until he wrote to acquaint him with his coming marriage. Philip was rather a communicative sort of chap, as a rule; and now he came to think it over, Calligan remembered that there had been another girl to whom his friend had been rather attentive early in the spring—a fluff-haired girl who had been a guest at the wedding.

He could not remember her name, but he could remember having chafed Phil quite a lot about her on his last visit to the Highway House. Anyway, she wasn't a patch on Eva Dennison, so it could not be possible that there had been any trouble made there; he resolved to ask Peter about it next time they met.

It was with this intention that he went over to the Dennisons the following morning. He found that Peter was not quite so pleased to see him as he had been previously. He said something about having an appointment down at the village, but that he was sorry to be unobtainable, but that he was in the deuce of a hurry.

"That's all right," Calligan said easily. "I'll walk along with you. I'm in no hurry."

Peter was not particularly pleased, but he had to submit, and the two men strolled along together.

Calligan was not very good at diplomacy, and he went straight to the object of his visit without preamble.

"What's the name of that fluff-haired girl who used to be at Winterville's rather a lot in the spring? She was at the wedding, I know. I remember speaking to her, but I'm hanged if I can think of her name."

Peter colored a little.

"Do you mean Miss Arlington—Kitty Arlington?"

"Kitty?" That was the name, of course. "Calligan had been frowning slightly, but now suddenly he laughed. "Do you know, I rather thought Phil was a bit struck in that quarter at one time."

Peter had thought so too, but he was not going to admit it.

## More Prize Cake Recipes

## BIRTHDAY CAKE.

4 cups sugar.  
4 eggs.  
1/2 cup potato flour.  
1/4 cup flour.  
Juice of half an orange.  
1-3 teaspoonful salt.  
1/2 teaspoonful baking powder.  
Oven—Moderate, steady heat.  
Pans—Two or three.  
Prepare the pans by buttering and lightly flouring.  
Separate the eggs, in two rather large bowls.  
Sift together the potato flour, the flour, the salt and baking powder. Beat the whites of eggs and gradually add half of the sugar.  
Beat the yolks and gradually beat in the other half of the sugar.  
Put in the orange juice, fold in the white and last the flour mixture. Spread evenly in the pans. Bake a rich light brown. Turn out to cool.

FRUITING.  
Juice of half an orange. Stir in

enough confectioner's sugar to make stiff enough to spread easily. Coat the cakes with this.

FILLING.  
Slice bonbons and blanched almonds and conserve fruits and place over the two bottom layers of cake. Another coating of icing is required to hold the fruit, etc., together. For this take two table-spoonfuls cold strong coffee and thicken with confectioner's sugar. Spread over the cakes and place them together. Boil a cup of sugar until it spins a thread and pour gradually on the beaten white of an egg. Beat until it will spread well. Flavor with a drop or two of almond. Spread evenly over the cake on top of the first orange icing, covering the sides also.

The cake is now ready for decorating—initials, flowers, names, dates or anything suitable—Mrs. E. Bonney, 1754 Lehigh place north-west.

## TOGS FOR THE HOLIDAY

By Rita Stuyvesant

ARE you going away for the Fourth of July to enjoy a bit of early vacation at the shore or in the mountains?

For a hike in the mountains nothing equals a khaki suit of jacket and breeches, similar to the riding habits some of the shops offer so reasonably. A soft silk blouse, wool socks, cuffed in plaid, and a felt hat will complete a comfortable yet attractive outfit.

For a holiday picnic, any washable frock is suitable, and gingham is particularly nice, as it does not wrinkle so quickly as linen or the crisp organza. Low-heeled shoes will insure foot comfort, and a soft crushable sport hat, is both light and smart.

If you plan to go on the train, wear one of the new silk Shantung tailored suits fashioned on the long straight lines. A pretty lace or tucked or ruffled vest will substitute nicely for a blouse. Black and white sport pumps with bowties to match will complete the ensemble. The costume may be topped by a soft ribbon hat of Harding blue or perhaps rose.

The girl fond of motoring might well choose a one-piece frock of some dark material and with it wear a short plaid sport coat or mackinaw and bright tan in a harmonizing shade. Or she might choose a plaid pleated skirt and plain jacket or sweater with cap to match.

Choose your holiday togs with discretion, so that at the end of the day you will appear presentable and fresh. Reserve your light sport silk frocks and skirts for the afternoon tea.

## THE RHYMING OPTIMIST

By Aline Michaels

AT the end, it's not the high spots that you touch along the way; lots of fellows can be heroes for an hour or a day. It is jolly to be standing where the "bravos" sweetly fall; but it isn't half so pleasant to get out and hit the ball. When he hears the throng applauding, when the neighbors loudly cheer, almost any honest fellow can behave like Paul Revere. When an auto chases Jimmy and he sees it running wild, he is happy to be ready on the spot to save the child.

So he grabs Jim out of danger with the utmost pep and speed, and he never stops to figure on his brave, heroic deed. Yes, the much-prized hero medal may not be so hard to get as to punch the clock daily and to keep away from debt. But it's not the thrilling moment and the high resolve that counts, for folks take the daily average when they settle up accounts. It is just the same old story of the tortoise and the hare, and a man must keep on plugging if he wants to get somewhere. Oh, the hero's lot is splendid and he nobly earns his fame, but the strong pull and the long pull make the winners in the game. The fellow who digs the ditches and the girl who scrubs the floor sometimes have an average higher than the hero's shining average. For you can't count just the high spots that come once or twice your way, but you have to make an average of the things you do each day.

## WAITING FOR HIM

AN INTERESTING SUBJECT TO MANY WOMEN.

## By Beatrice Fairfax

Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Life.

"H" E has never with his pening his lips told me that he loves me, and yet I suppose eyes gave him away; but I have heard from his chum that he has practically taken a vow to please his old invalid mother, to whom he has never been more than a slave, never to marry as long as she lives."

The woman who writes that is mature in years and sane in her viewpoint, as it concerns herself with anything but her emotions. She acknowledges that folks in whom she has faith and confidence tell her that the man she loves is unworthy. Yet she declares she loves him so she would die for him, and she gives me tacitly to understand that she is ready to wait indefinitely for the man of whose love she is sure.

Doesn't she see that the whole situation is warped by sentimentalism? Can't she realize that she is reading into the man's heart the love she wants to find there rather than reading out of it the message it holds for her? Why is she "sure"?

When a man asks a woman to wait for him she is justified in waiting and building her hopes on his word, even though the time be long and the way be hard. But when a man expresses with his eyes the emotional longings that don't take the form of a devotion ready to face life and to meet hardships and sacrifices and to make a fight for the woman who loves him he is misleading her with desires that aren't based on love.

The man who loves a woman stands ready to conquer worlds to win her. The man who runs away from love and its responsibilities isn't worth a second thought.

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—and for a nickel you get such a quantity of pure sugar wafers, overflowing with goodness in many delightful flavors. Enough for all. New England Confectionery Co. Over 75 Years of Successful Candy Making.